



OAK TREE SCHOOL

By SC Joy Jones, DD, 9/11/11

The tree was from a different time, a time of old. Very old. There were scars I couldn't see in its upper branches. A hole that a Wood Pecker had pecked, a pioneer settler had hidden a watch in, and then his enemy had stolen it from later.

There were nests of birds that had filled cook pots, possum and fox dens amidst the four trees roots. Roots that expanded past the outer branches of the enormous, heavy shading Oak trees.

There were a few clumps of feathers torn from a Raven in the shade of the Oaks and scattered on top of dried leaves and acorns from last fall. Crackling, cushioned steps suspected winds had not blown other years completely away.

Thick sculpted gray-brown bark adorned by tough, ruffled, cool-green leaves. I could feel the vibrations of magnetic earth energies cycling through the Oak trees, an energy level they flourish in and that can destabilize human health over time.

Huge, huge, old Living Oak trees canopied an area large enough for the encampment of soldiers, a hunting party. Buckskins, high boots, powder horns slung on branches while cleaning long rifles, with deer hung high to bleed out from the hunt.

Muslin canvas tents tied between heavy low branches that wouldn't give. A shimmer of reflection on my mind. More than just a shadow from the past.

A large party of branch-tethered horses cooling out from under saddle after long rides, and a woman cooking over a low flame with a thick bed of coals in a cool evening breeze. A young blonde girl in a clean pink laced dress and button boots had laughed while rolling an abandoned wagon wheel hoop while barefoot tree-climber boys hollered in the distance.

Boys laid upon thick old branches horizontally y-branched for sleeping where cougar and outlaws had rested. Indians hidden in its sky harbor had pierced the lung of deer that nibbled on grass still green, hidden from scorching sun.

I shut my eyes and pressed my backside and palms against the tree's thick trunk, then crossed a barrier from my summer stroll into the depth of the old Living Oaks' being. I absorbed the tree's energy, not like

water's deep refreshment, or a breath of clean air's inner fullness, but more like flipping a breaker switch against a current of monotonous sluggishness in the sweltering south Texas coastal midday's summer heat.

Hooked into that old Oak tree, I took a few deep breaths, then stepped away smiling, feeling loved by a God who made such wondrous things. Silly, but it helped me. Somehow, deep inside, it helped.

Then I walked away from the intertwined trees, across the shadowed ground between the other coupled trees. A hollow stare from the painted smiley face on the Oak tree's trunk, with a chair and bucket at its base, gave evidence of students besides myself. But they were not there then. Only a hanging rope swung up over a heavy branch half way to the tree's top, then knotted at the back of a black man's broken neck, presented itself. A big negro slave man in white canvas shirt and tan britches. Barefoot with wrists tied -- blood, sweat, bewilderment, exhaustion. Running dogs. The pack of white men were hard and electric. White, black, blood, electric rage. Hatred. Deep rooted hatred.

A white wood ranch house with a young white women's slender form, a shadow moving against fine white linen, draped in long blonde locks of hair. She'd teased and beguiled his determined avoidance, locked a door behind him when he'd been called in on a wood run. The afternoon's full sunlight cast shadows of leaves on branches moving in the wind across a wood floor. Her hand on his chest. Her delicate white taunting his black body. His determination broke against her smile and touch, and they enjoyed each other's pleasures, though forbidden.

Caught he was, and hung half dragged to death across rock and bushes for a mile to these Oaks. His body swung not, too heavy from the weight of his great size.

And Daddy's girl's death was a perfect performance in southern conform. The character assassination so carefully executed in exercises of social manipulation was not a little like the witches prayer-spells casting judgments of tradition. Angry judgments pelted against a battle weary seductress and fornicator whose faith in the shed blood of Jesus Christ was different than family and friends.

'Wuhs intah-rashul as bad as sahduhmay?' the grandma's whispered.

The negro nanny of her childhood knew what herbs could waste strong health. Disoriented and drugged she could hardly feel the binding on her knees and ankles, against the birth pangs of her hanged negro lover. Their child never saw the light of day.

Was the history of that day recorded in a diary, unlocked and read, then put away? Would it matter to anyone anymore except God and myself?

Does it matter?

His body lay not far away, unmarked in grave beneath stone, then parted by joint when earth movement grated a roadway.

The Living Oak carries the vibratory record of more than man or printed line. Its message seemed clear, so very clear. He was my brother, you see, to a tree or a bird or me, just another child. The prayer of that dying man's horror passed to me, no barriers of color, creed or deed. Just a brother of need bearing a burden of deed, with a tree on our back that our Lord and Savior lifted for so many long ago.

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<http://www.amnestyusa.org/our-work/cases/usa-troy-davis/watch-videos-examining-the-troy-davis-case>